

THE ARTICULATE HEART.

Yes touch the strings and send the soul
Of address, where she lies asleep,
Will wake and bring the tears to eyes
That do not often cloud or weep.

I wonder when I hear you play
At twilight on your violin,
If all the thrilling tones you find
Are hid the instrument within.

Or does the music of your life
Find voice along the sparkling strings,
And tell its secret in the dusk
Tossed away on zephyr wings?

Your heart is speaking, for I hear
A dual chord of bliss and pain,
A symphony of life and death;
It is love's sweetly sad refrain.

Julia Clark Chase in Inter Ocean.

CHIROGRAPHY OF SOME WRITERS.

Edgar A. Poe—T. S. Arthur—G. P. R. James—Ellis Burritt—William Gilmore Simms—Cooper—Dickens.

The late Edgar A. Poe was indeed a strange genius. He has had no American imitators. No one has endeavored to imitate the thoughts he left behind him. His writings read like the wild imaginings of a mind diseased. He was born to misfortune, and the knowledge of it cast around him the gloom of melancholy. His chirography is decidedly picturesque, and evinces a mind wild and visionary. It gives evidence of indelible quality—a quality which he possessed in an eminent degree. He wrote a large, sprawling hand, light and intelligible.

T. S. Arthur won a brilliant reputation as a novelist. He possessed talent, superior talent, and employed it to the best advantage. He wrote to instruct the heart and head. No one, however dull, but arises from the reading of his temperance tales a better man. His writing was carefully studied, but at times was hardly legible.

G. P. R. James was a voluminous writer. For a long period his productions were eagerly sought for. His manuscript was plain, hurried, of course, but very uniform and what the printers term good copy.

Ellis Burritt, the learned blacksmith, seemed to have possessed a mind as well tempered as his own. We are indebted to him for some sparks from his creative power that have burst into never dying flame. His manuscript was unsmooth and irregular, but wonderfully plain and distinct.

William Gilmore Simms once upon a time styled the "Bulwer of America." He was superior to Lord Bulwer in his perception of the graceful, but in beauty he was deficient to a certain extent. As a poet he did well. His greatest thoughts linger in the mind like the recollection of some gorgeous sunset. His handwriting had much shape and suggested gracefulness and perfect freedom.

The autograph of Charles Dickens was more picturesque than that of any other author of his time. It possessed all the unique uniformity of the old German text and as distinctly legible as it was graceful. There was a peculiarity in his style that is beyond imitation. He wrote in a sphere wholly his own. He spread a few thoughts over a great surface of paper, and extended them to an unusual length.

The handwriting of J. Fenimore Cooper was decidedly bad. Of the two specimens lying before me, one seems to have been written with a steel pen, and the other with a quill. Both are frightful in the extreme. Yet he possessed a talent of the highest order, and left a name imperishable. There is a strange inconsistency between his chirography and his writing.—Detroit Free Press.

Habits of the Emu.

The curious case of the emu is described in a letter from Mr. Alfred Bennett, who had an opportunity of watching the habits of this bird, which was, during several seasons, successfully bred by his father in Surrey. The hen bird, says Mr. Bennett, begins to lay about the end of October or beginning of November, and as each brood consists of twenty eggs or more, laid at intervals of two days, the process takes about six weeks. Before it is completed the cock bird begins to set. The eggs laid subsequently are deposited by the hen by the side of her mate, who puts out his foot and draws them under him. As soon as the eggs begin to hatch it is necessary to isolate the hen, as she fights furiously with her mate, and would, to all appearance, kill the chicks if she were allowed to get at them. The whole of the tending of the young process is performed by the male bird.—Nature.

Lozenges for Church Consumption. On Saturday night an interesting scene is to be witnessed in every town and village in Scotland. It is a stream of the natives in their Sabbath clothes making for the small grocers. The puzzled visitor little thinks that an inquiry into the meaning of this would give him the secret of Scotland's wealth. It is a kirk going people. What every one is off to buy is a bag of peppermint lozenges, and he always tells the shopman to give him the change in half-pennies. The half-pennies are for the plate, the lozenges for church consumption. Many pounds of the kind known as "extra strong" are eaten throughout the country at every service. There is a great art in slipping them solemnly into your mouth, and long practice has made some devout people so good at it that they can do it though the minister's eye be on them.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Chinese Pigtail Not of Chinese Origin. Pigtails, it may not be generally known, are not in their origin Chinese. When the present rulers of China, who are Manchus, seized upon the empire over two centuries ago, they issued an edict commanding all Chinese to shave their heads and grow a tail like themselves. There was a great deal of trouble at first in enforcing such an order, but the Chinese have long ago forgotten that the appendage of which they are now so proud is a badge of conquest.—Nineteenth Century.

When Eating Green Corn. The meat of the corn is perfectly digestible; not so, however, the shining envelope which surrounds the meal and makes up each individual grain. Use your teeth to bruise each grain well; chew your corn, and eat all you choose with impunity. Neglect to use the teeth with which nature has provided you, and you will be apt not infrequently to have the same kind of a time that was enjoyed by the historic parrot and the monkey. If you are toothless, use your knife and fork to accomplish this purpose.—Annals of Hygiene.

A Binger, Me., man has constructed a contrivance in which he intends to put steam engine and propeller.

SHARKING AT NANTUCKET.

An Old Skipper's Opinion—Sharking Parties—Getting a Bite.

Sharking is the summer craze at this queer old ocean resort. Any one can catch all the sharks he wants at Nantucket. Parties of visitors go out after them each morning, and return late in the afternoon. Ladies are very fond of sharking, and fish daily in their bright holiday attire for them. In hauling in a shark it is estimated that a woman can pull about five pounds and scream 500 pounds, and skippers say she is a very valuable member of a boat's crew.

"Yes see," explained an old captain of a shark boat the other day, "a Nantucket shark never seen such a critter as a woman got up in yer city style, and just lookin' at her in the bow of a boat, shaking her parasol and lettin' of screeches ter more'n beat a steam tug whistle, sorter paralyzes ther shark and he is willin' ter let yer do most anything with him."

The sharking parties all go to the south side, or to the east end of the island, where the best grounds are. They take a car from this town on the little rusty three-foot gauge Nantucket railroad and rumble and bound over the twisted rails, which often make a rise of several inches in a few feet. To "scoot" on the beach, where the Norcross brothers have two wheelboats in which to go through the surf to the fishing grounds. They take the sharkers to the deep water off Haulover, beyond the great Saukaty lighthouse, and drop the lines overboard. To catch a shark it is necessary to have a long rope, bigger than a clothes line, to which is knotted a long-shanked, heavy hook about which string a lot of fat, baccous, round clams. There is nothing that a shark is so fond of as round clams, and when he beholds a string of them dangling before his nose, all divested of their shells, which are rather dyspeptic eating even for a shark, he generously overlooks the hook as an unimportant incident in the spread. He takes right hold, and then he swallows the big hook, and then the clams, and begins to reel in his end of the rope with ultimate acquisitive intentions on the boat and other paraphernalia, the sudden sharp tug he gives notifies the fishermen that they have got a bite.

Then they begin to pull on their end of the line, and the double-in-gathering process speedily brings the boat and the shark to a point where they can scrutinize each other. Usually six or seven men pull on the rope, with one or two ladies to help. A shark almost always, after he has been hooked, comes right along through the water like a log, unresistingly. There is no more sport in him than in a codfish until he gets close to the boat and can see the people in it. Then he begins to make a fuss, dashing hither and thither and splashing the green billows into bearded foam, but his struggles avail little. Quickly the boat is pulled up to his furious front, and a brawny sailor, standing on the prow, brains him with a few blows from a heavy club. After the shark has been butchered, his carcass is towed ashore and left on the beach, and the party returns through the surf to set their hooks again. The bodies of sharks go to the mills that make fertilizers. The heads are saved, the teeth being extracted to be fashioned into delicate little ornaments, set in gold, for ladies to wear.

The shores about Nantucket are strewn with bleached shark heads. Sharking parties have been unusually lucky this season. In one day one whaleboat party caught eight that weighed between 400 and 700 pounds each.—New York Sun.

Process of Making Pretzels. Where were pretzels first made? Well, that is a disputed point, but the best claims to the honor of having originated the article are, I believe, put forward by Tolz, a little town near Munich, in the Bavarian Tyrol, the arms of which are two gilt pretzels tied together with a blue and white cord. The motto I have forgotten. The pretzel is far more popular on this side of the Atlantic, however, than in the Fatherland, and I have more than once been amused to hear Americans say: "Why, I thought the pretzel was an institution over in Germany, but I never saw one there." That is not very remarkable, however, for although a vast number are eaten over there, one seldom sees them sold with beer, and at the fine cafes patronized by foreigners they are almost unknown.

"How are they made?" is a very simple process when you know how, but it takes some time to learn, and the baker must watch very carefully, so as to get just the right crispness into his wares, for a soft and doughy pretzel is an abomination to good judges of the article. They take a brisk and hot fire, and the police is put on with a little wife of egg dabbled on before the baking. The main trouble is in forming the pretzel, which is done by hand, and some men work with amazing quickness at turning them out. I see that two men in Pottsville have invented a machine to mould them all ready for the oven. It turns out to be practicable, and I don't see why it should not, they ought to make a very nice thing out of it, for pretzel bakers are sure to adopt it.—Philadelphia Record.

A Family Medicine Chest. There is a fortune awaiting some enterprising druggist who will get up a system of family medicine chests. They can be made of all sizes and prices. They should contain all the standard remedies for the minor ills that flesh is heir to, the bottles being labeled with the English name of the drug, and giving explicit instructions as to the size and administration of the dose. The average family accumulates a large number of bottles during the year, the results of getting a new prescription every time any one is sick. A few doses are taken, the patient gets well and the remainder is a storehouse of poisons, no one would risk using the same medicine again, being ignorant of the fact that the medicine in the bottle is some simple and standard remedy that no household should be without.—Dr. Conery in Globe-Democrat.

The Gods of Ancient Rome. The early Christians and fathers of the church did not look upon the heathen deities as mere fables and shadows; they believed that they really existed, but were devils, and they taught that the gods of Rome and all other nations must be utterly renounced. This Christianity in ancient Rome came to be looked on as dangerous to the existing order of things and to the empire.—Boston Budget.

A Place for It.

A man has invented a machine which will make 10,000 revolutions per second. He ought to find a ready sale for it in Mexico.—Philadelphia Call.

DENTISTRY AND ITS SECRETS.

A Profession in Which Big Incomes Are Realized—Women Dentists.

One afternoon, not long ago, I met a friend, a dentist, who, being in a confidential mood, consented to talk of the profession of which he is a shining ornament. He said: "Dentistry is not what it is cracked up to be, and, although it pays a big profit, many bills for work done are not collectable. For this reason honest men and women are compelled to suffer for the transgression of 'dead beats.' I have a friend who recently sold a set of teeth for \$95 which cost him exactly \$16.30. By a set of teeth I mean upper and lower sets. The teeth mentioned above were set on aluminum. Teeth set on rubber cost the patient \$50 and the dentist \$10. The prices given are average ones. Some dentists who serve the 'best people' ask even higher rates. All dentists claim to do their mechanical work on their premises. This is not so. Less than one-half of the dentists in Brooklyn do their own work or employ mechanical men by the week. A larger part of the work claimed to be done by local dentists is performed by a half dozen mechanical dentists who make a specialty of that branch of the business."

"What are mechanical dentists paid for their services?" I asked.

"Eight dollars per set, which includes upper and lower. The dentist so contracting for the work is obliged to furnish the teeth, which usually cost from \$4 to \$6 per double set. Plain teeth are worth 10 cents and gum teeth 15 cents each. The best teeth are made in Philadelphia and are sold at a branch of the manufacturing firm in this city. Dentists try to convince their patients that their work is very expensive, and that to make an upper and lower set takes two or three days. This is all humbug. A mechanical dentist who is a good workman can make three sets in twenty-four hours. You can see by the foregoing figures that patients pay good round prices for a man's name, or reputation. Dentists who employ mechanical men make a plaster Paris cast of their patient's jaw so as to get the articulation, or fitting of the teeth, correct. These casts cost about 5 cents each, and when made are sent to the dental laboratories where the remainder of the work is done. Until the middle of September dentists might as well close their offices and go in the country, as little or no work is being done. The months of August and September are the dulllest in the year for the dental profession."

"Suavity of manner is the great drawing card of many dentists. Ladies prefer to patronize pleasant and agreeable dentists to men who are surly and uncouth in manners. Dentists who are personally popular have the largest incomes. Women dentists? Oh, yes. To my knowledge there is one in Brooklyn. This lady attends almost exclusively to women and children. Occasionally she has a male patient, but not often."

"Do women make a success of dentistry?"

"Not always. The feminine mind is sometimes unable to grasp its intricacies. Many women dentists practice their profession in New York. They are usually discouraged in their attempts to study dentistry, as close association with male students has often unpleasant results. The only plan which I think would work satisfactorily would be to separate the sexes in dental colleges. This plan has shown good results in medical schools. More women dentists practice their profession in Europe than in America."

"How are \$19 a set teeth 'made while you wait,' manufactured?"

"In almost the same manner that \$50 sets are made. A mechanical dentist would charge the same price (\$8) for making a \$12 set of teeth as he would for a higher priced set. Dentists, however, who make teeth at the rate named always do their own work. In cheap upper and lower sets of teeth the teeth cost \$2, while in the higher priced sets, the teeth are worth but \$2 more. In cheap sets the only additional expense is for rubber and plaster. The latter is worth, possibly, 5 cents and the rubber 25. The materials used in dentistry cost but little. It is the work and skill for which the patient is obliged to pay."—Brooklyn Eagle.

AN INDIAN PILGRIM CITY.

A Town of Temples and Shrines to Which Pilgrims Throng in Thousands.

Every twelfth year, when Jupiter enters the sign of Leo, the Ganges itself is supposed in some mysterious way to flow down the Godavery bed, and pilgrims come to Nasik, the Benares of western India, in thousands from all parts of India. Each pilgrim as he enters the town has to pay a small tax, and the receipts show that 300,000 people had come and gone in the last eleven months. The stream of life was just as unceasing when I was there. Formerly the pilgrims came by road, spending months on the way. But they mostly come by rail now. The Brahmins protested against the railway with such success that the station is four miles from the town. There is, however, a good road, planted with shady tamarisks and acacias on either side. The station when I arrived was crowded with pilgrims of all ranks, men, women and children, and the road was blocked with a double stream of bullock carts and pony carts, while under the trees were groups resting from the sun or slowly plodding on to their destination.

At certain points near the town they are met by the Brahman priests, who make large fortunes out of their pilgrim visitors. There are about 500 special Brahmins, called Upadhyays, who keep large lodging and boarding houses, and claim to be the family priests of all pilgrim families. They keep huge account-books containing records of all former visitors and they greet each pilgrim with a demand for his or her name and birthplace. If he or his father or grandfather, or other ancestor, however remote, is entered in any Brahman's book, he belongs to that Brahman during his stay. Some of the books go as far back as Emperor Aurangzeb's time. The victims are marched off to the Brahman's house, where he will find at least 150 others. His bag of laboriously gathered rupees, hoarded for this supreme occasion, comes out, and a system of fees begins, which goes on until the pilgrim leaves or the bag is empty. After the first fee is paid the various functions of the pilgrimage begin. He has first to fast for twenty-four hours, after which he goes to one of the many temples on the river bank with offerings of rice and flowers and clarified butter. Then, tired, and exhausted with toil and travel and want of food, he is led into the river, and the fees begin again.

Masonry pools have been erected in the bed of the stream for the bathers when the river runs dry; one pool is more sacred than another, and each fresh bathing place requires a special fee. He wishes not only to purge himself from sin, but also to free the souls of his ancestors. This again requires a special fee. The certainty of salvation, whether for himself or his fathers, depends entirely on the amount of his gift. At last he is led out of the water, after hours of exposure, and he walks to the house in his wet clothes, perhaps richer in holiness, but certainly poorer in worldly wealth. He then can take his first meal. Raw vegetables in vast quantities, bread and rice are his food. He probably over-eats himself; his digestion is weakened by fasting and exposure, and his next experience is a bout of dysentery, dysentery, or even cholera. Cholera had a firm hold of Nasik the whole of that pilgrim year, and as one walked through the town and saw the dirt and smell the smells, one only wondered why the disease should ever relax that hold.

Our friend is next sent off to Trimbuk, the sacred source of the sacred river. He is jolted there in a bullock cart, or has to walk, according to the stiffness of his rupee bag. At Trimbuk he bathes again, but this time not in the stream itself, but in a tank, through which the river is supposed to flow. Here he must not only bathe, but drink the water, where literally thousands have washed. The collector of Nasik once took a bottle full of this water and showed it to some of the leading Brahmins, of the town. It was full of organisms. They needed no microscope, they were plainly visible to the naked eye. His pious friends only shrugged their shoulders and said that paradise was worth gaining even at that price. The whole place is steeped in ignorance and superstition, out of which a handful of impostors make their fortune, and they are not likely to lend a hand in any reform. There is not a pilgrim who comes but he honestly believes himself to be purified from sin by this bathing and drinking. There is an air of weary content on all their faces when the pilgrimage is over, and they squat on the station platform patiently waiting for the train that will take them home again. Yet they have all left the earnings of years behind them, and have nothing to show for it save the little hermetically sealed brass cup of the holy water which each carries back to his friends.

There is something else, unfortunately, they too often carry away with them. These pilgrim years at the various river sources and other holy places of India are not only the signal of cholera at the place itself, as was the case at Nasik last year; they are also the means of distributing the disease all over India. The poor creatures live the most unhealthy lives during their sojourn, and if they do not take the disease on the spot they constantly carry away the germs to develop in some distant village. Their treatment of the disease is as pitiful as the saving power of the river water. For instance, in Nasik, while the epidemic lasted, extra medical aid and appliances and medicines were provided by government and were always ready, yet the sufferers never sent for the doctor. Indeed, the whole family, as a rule, combines to conceal the case.—Bombay Cor. London Times.

Remarkable Bremen Cellars. As for the cellars—they are really the subject of our observations, the people being merely accessories, as in Claude Lorraine's landscape—Bremen was the site as well as one of the most interesting that we have seen. It is a pretty little town, chiefly noted for three things, its present freedom, the former influence of the celebrated Hanseatic league, and the bleikeller. With regard to the second of these peculiarities it is only necessary to say that the leaders of the league used to meet in the Rath-haus (town hall) here, particularly affecting the large and well-filled cellars appertaining thereto. In one of these cellars is a vault containing twelve hogheads of old wine; each cask is named after an apostle. In an adjoining vault is a thirteenth cask bearing the device of a rose; on the ceiling is a large, gigantic figure of the same flower, and in the center of the secret meetings which took place here that the term "sub-rosa" is derived. The bleikeller, or lead cellar, has the peculiar property of preserving bodies which have been buried in it. Although in open cases, some have been kept for nearly 200 years. There are two or three other places in Europe which have the same power, and in Bremen and other parts of Italy—there, however, the monks attribute the effect to miracles, not to natural causes.—Cor. Albany Journal.

Yale College Examinations. The number of those who take the entrance examination of Yale college and do not enter is increasing. The reason given is that pupils present themselves for examination without intention of entering, simply for the honor; but it is rather hard for the patient professors, who this year examined 4,500 papers, averaging at least five sheets to each paper.—Chicago Times.

The Jews' Quarter in Rome.

The Jews' quarter in Rome will in a week or two's time be a thing of the past. From the sanitary point of view the demolition of the ghetto is no doubt highly desirable; but the traveler seldom troubles himself about the health of the people whose streets he visits, and he will regret that he will see no more those picturesque ruins creeping up beside the ancient monuments, leaning against the gate of Ostia, and swarming with an active and industrious folk who lived, so to speak, on their doorsteps.

The Jews had made themselves there a sort of second fatherland; their habits, their traditions, had followed them there, and they were a little town to themselves. The present government dispossesses them and gives them wide streets, and Israel is again dispersed.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Nettie Grant Sartoris' Life.

The country will be glad to learn that the extraordinary story of the domestic unhappiness of Mrs. Sartoris, the daughter of Gen. Grant, and her cruel treatment by her husband and his family, are altogether without foundation. It is stated on the authority of the Grant family, that her life abroad is a cheerful one, and that she is happy in it, and that instead of being poor as has been alleged, the senior Sartoris is wealthy, and is besides thoroughly fond of his American daughter.—Frank Leslie's.

The Dying J.

An examination of jack-rabbits which a sands in the east shows that the ant tape-worms.—West

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